SEX CRIMINALS

MATT FRACTION
CHIP ZDARSKY

THE END: PART FOUR

ISSUE 29

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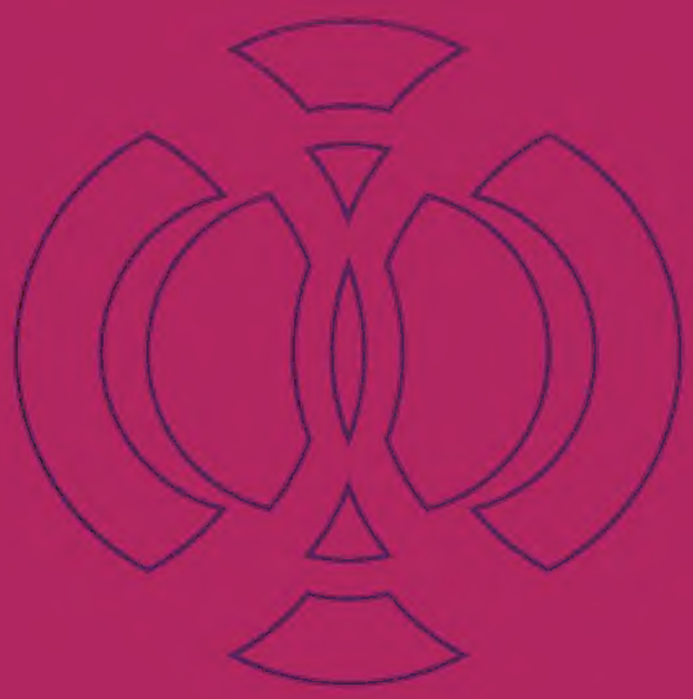
SEX CRIMINALS
CHAPTER 29



O.D.D.

MATT FRACTION
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OKAY SURE LET'S SEE THE INSIDE OF YOUR BRAINS: EMAILTHESEXCRIMINALS@GMAIL.COM

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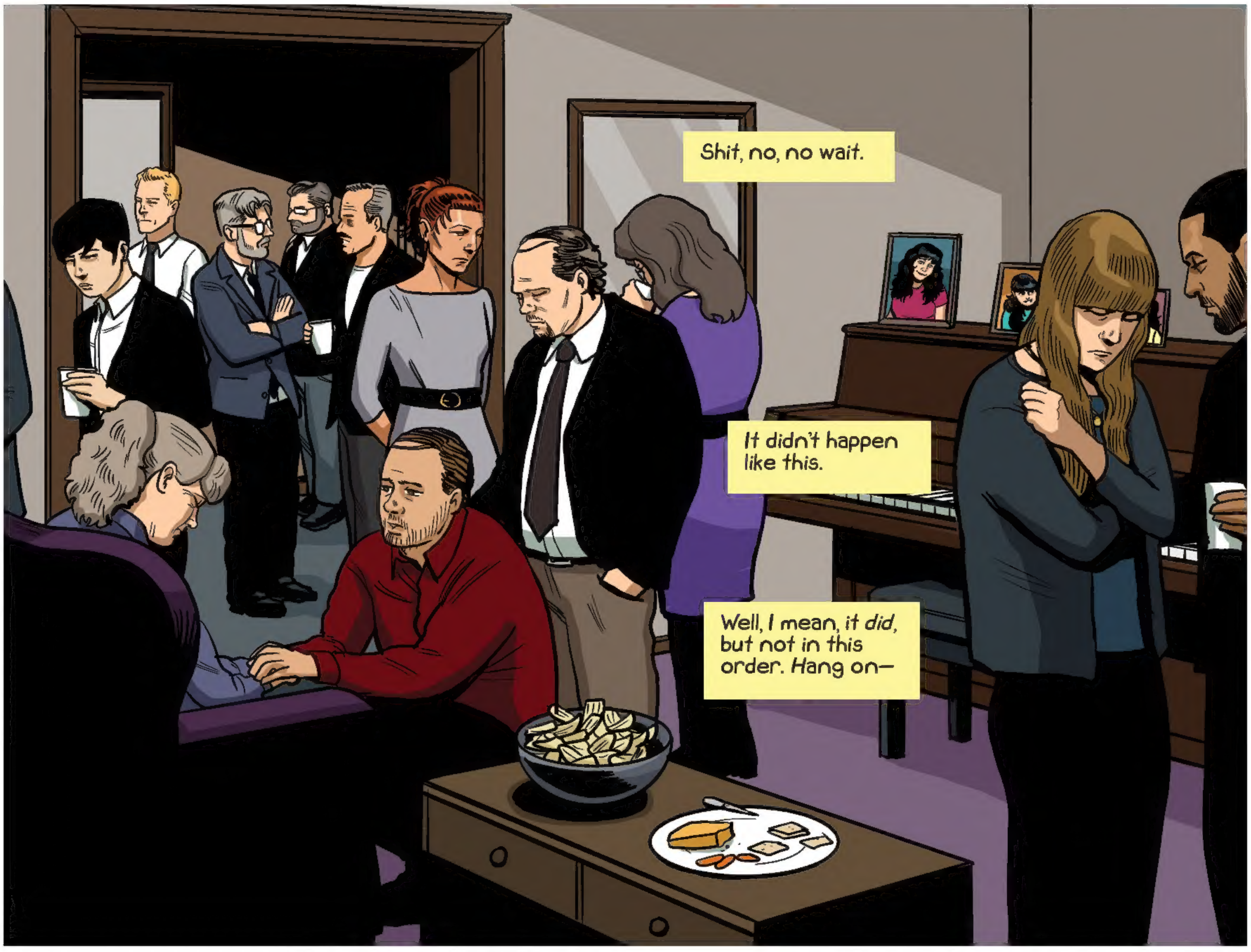
DEDICATED TO THAT TIME I DID ALL RIGHT AT SEX

SIX DAYS LATER:



THE NEXT DAY, FOR REAL THIS TIME:

News spread quick that something had happened at the BankCorp tower.

That, combined with what Ana, Alix, and Kegelface had been putting together, brought everyone out to see what had happened exactly.

They only knew what they could see— whatever happened fucked the building up in a forever kinda way.

Which, y'know. Fine by me.

I always hated that goddamned place.

Where's Jon?

It was a good question.

After the explosion—

—nobody could ever figure out what else to call it—

—Badal and I both went missing.

And, after seeing what had happened to Badal's suite...

...Jon knew that, whatever happened, it had happened to us both.

So for a minute there, he was gone too.

There were no bodies or evidence of foul play—the police wouldn't get involved.

Our friends did their best to look for us.

HEY GIVE ME RENT BOY

They checked the usual places, the usual haunts.

But we weren't around, so...

So what?

ROLL! YOU PRETTY THINGS

After a while, what could they do?

What could *anybody* do?

Sometimes people just disappear.

And sometimes they take pieces of us with them when they go.

nnnf–

heff heff

Shoot.

Sh–

SHOOT!

Bud!

Bud, something's *wrong*–

Dewey and Bud figured it out first.

Kegel was next.

Holy shit, Mrs. Spurge?!?

Heff.

Fuck

Heff.

The Quiet
was gone.

For everyone.

Jon wouldn't
figure it out
for a while.

He was
getting busy.

Well, a
different
kind of busy.

Heff.

Okay.
Next room.

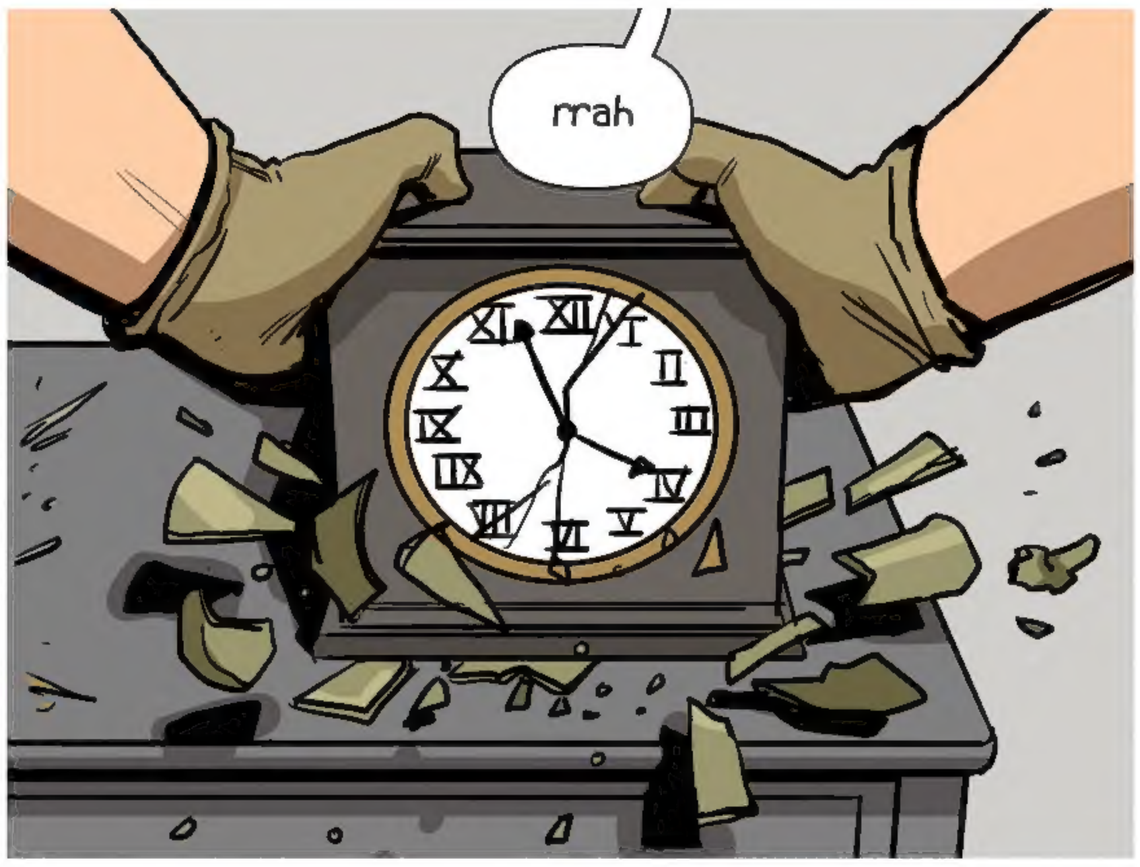
Fuck you,
Badal.

The police would find him
26 hours after he left the scene
of the accident.

In Kuber Badal's mansion.

Where he'd been that entire time.

Getting busy.



He'd decided he was going to destroy everything he found inside.

Everything.

Because, it's Jon, of course he meant it literally.

Can you imagine?

This fucking guy.

Huhhh.
Shit.
And fuck every part of this goddamn—
Ahhh, shit.

Whoa—

Heh.

Shit.

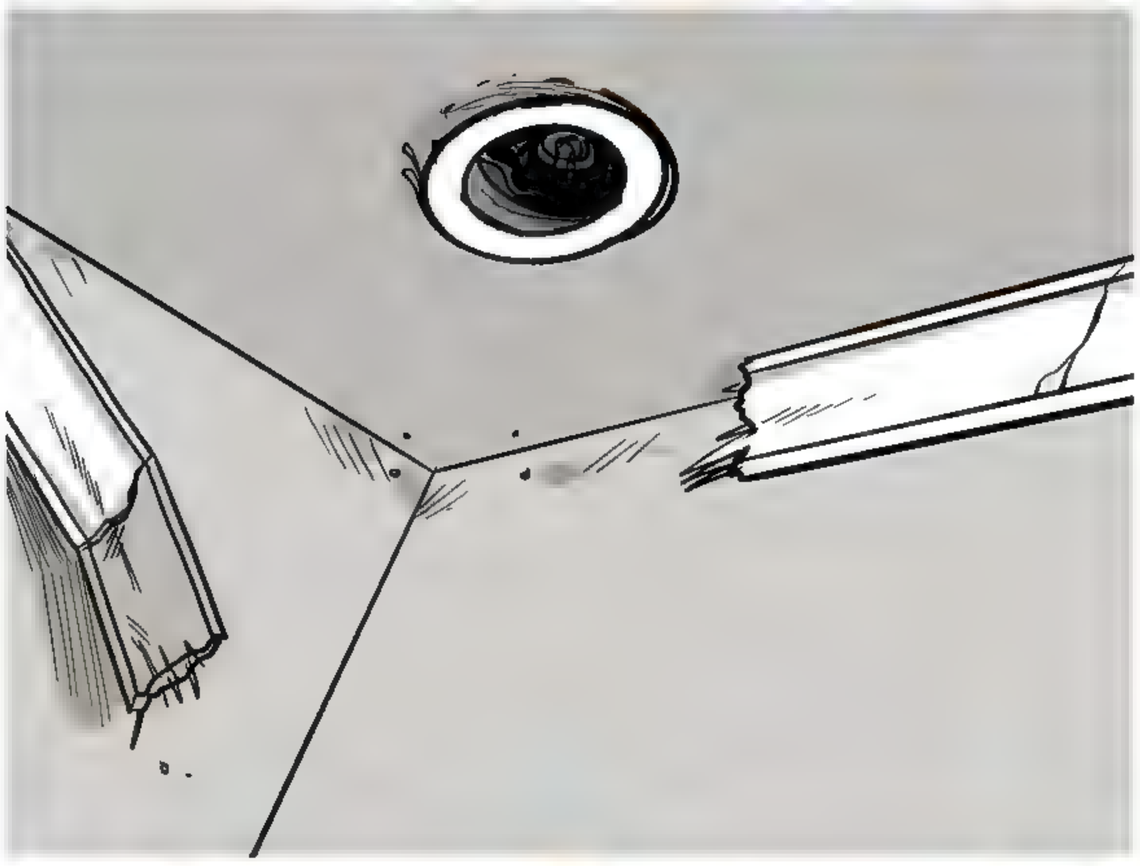
Okay.
C'mon.

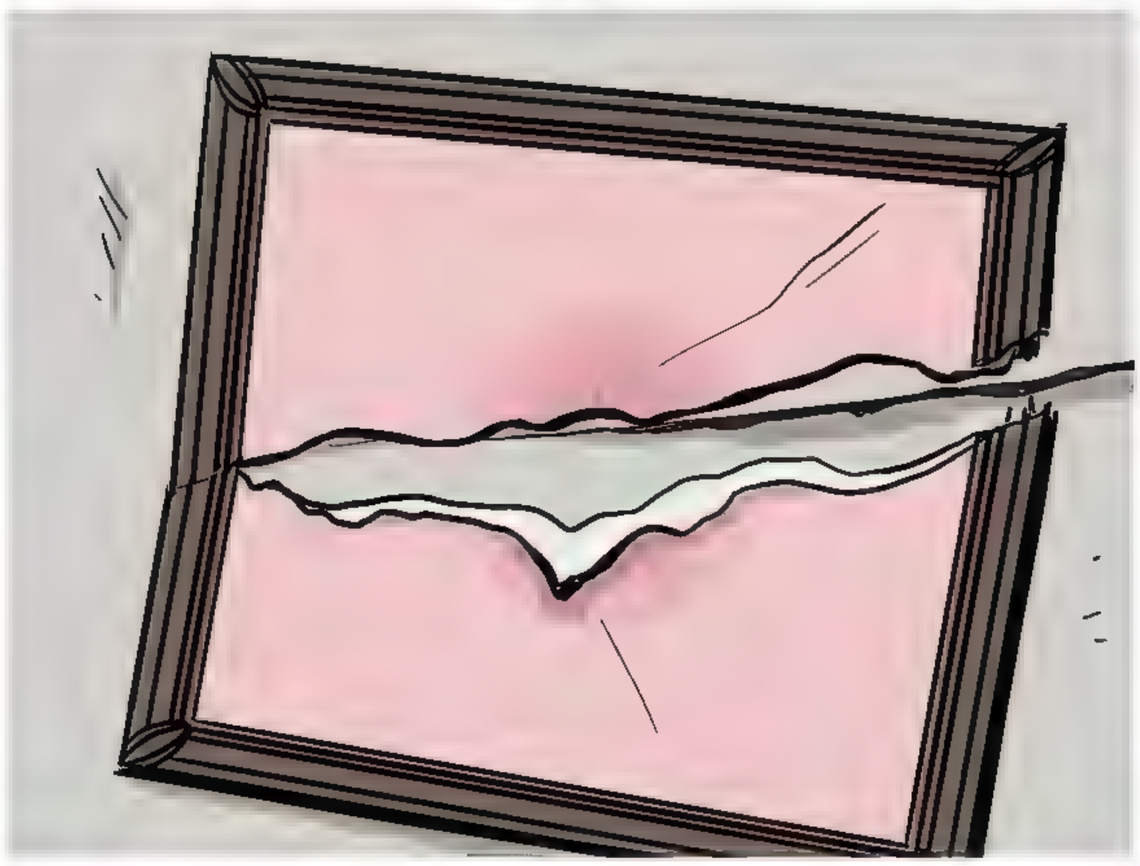
It wasn't an exact science.

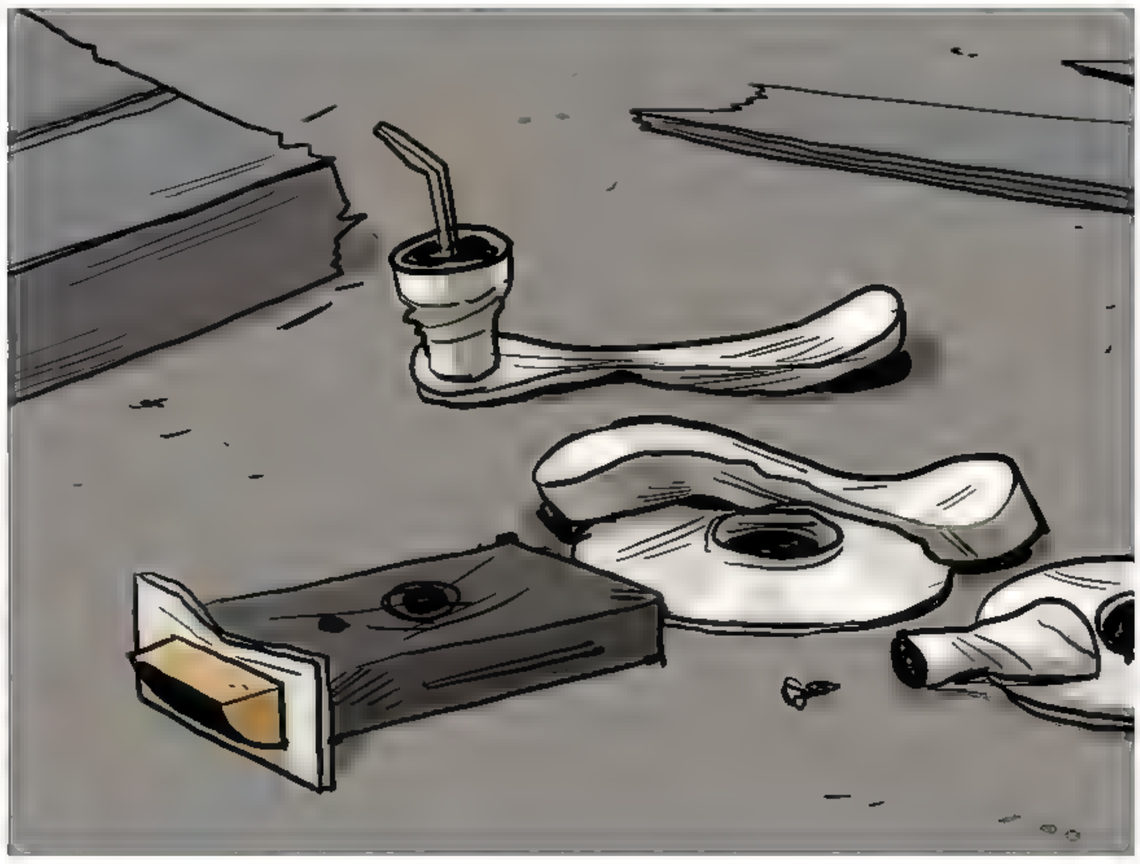
I mean, think about it.

How much *stuff* there is, in all your stuff.

How much work you'd have to do to render it all entirely useless.







Later on, he'd call it obsessive-destructive disorder.

I thought he was kidding.

ffuuuHH

FUCK

THESE

WATCH

ES

FUCK

Fffhoo.
Okay.

Fuck your bedroom, Badal.
What's next?

nnnah—

The library presented him with a problem.

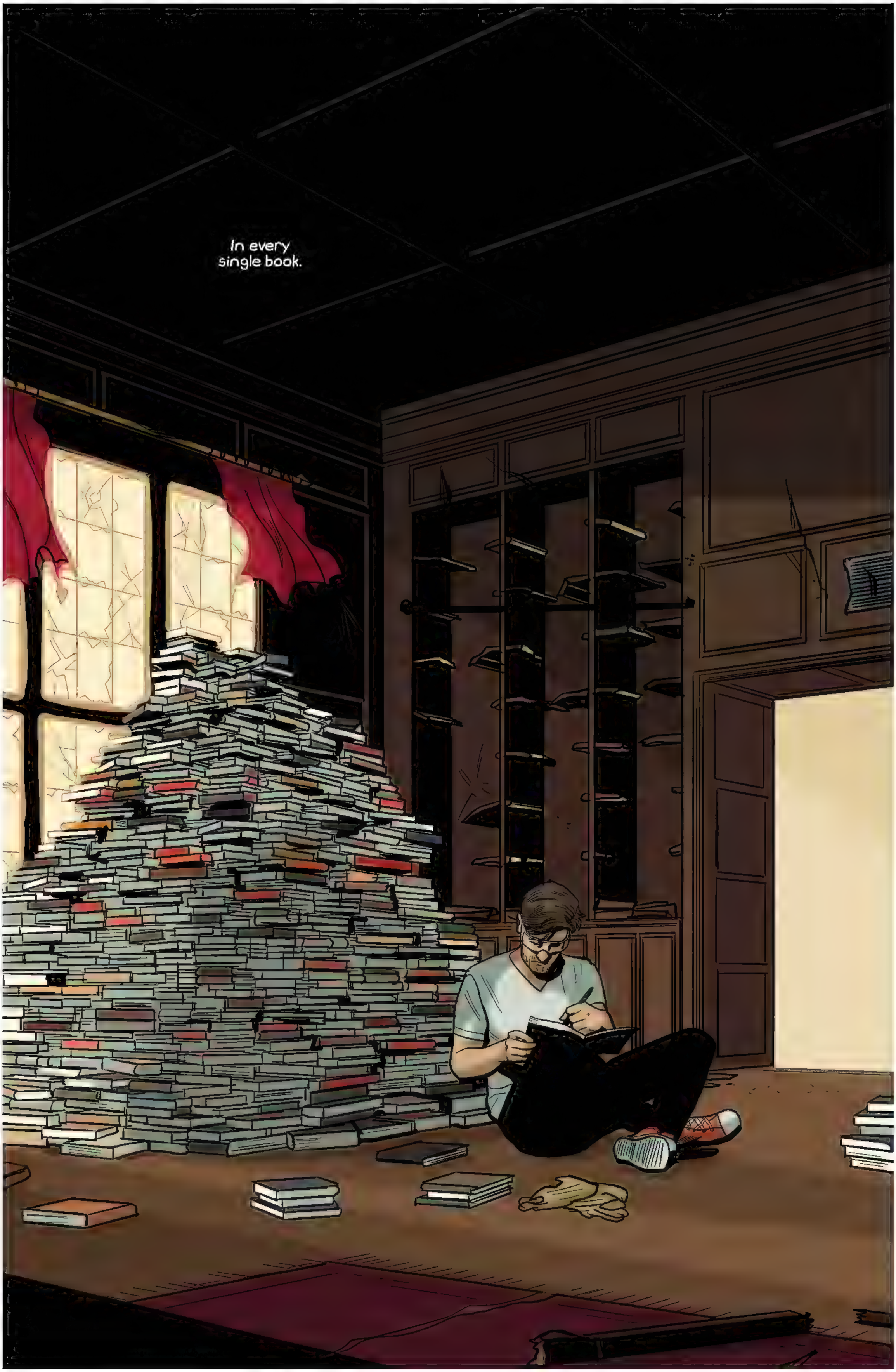
He didn't want to destroy the books.

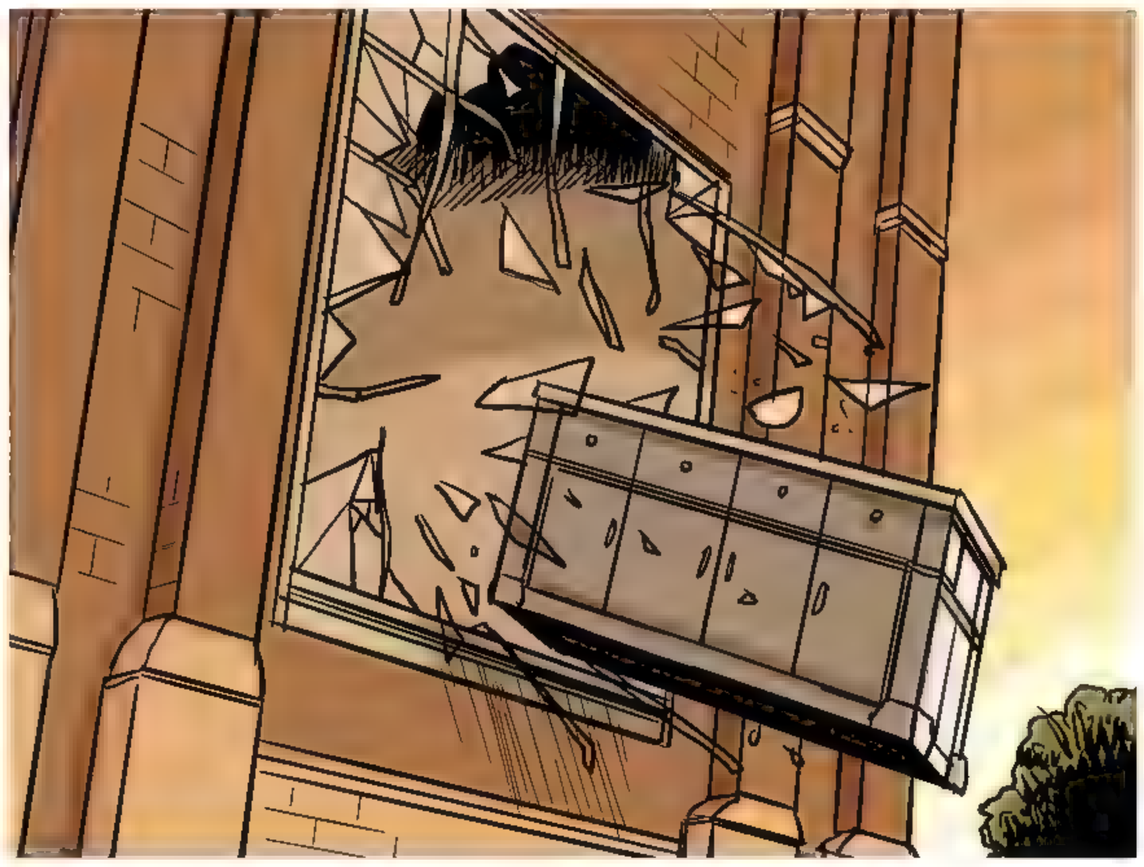
For me.

He wrote, "This book stolen from a real asshole named Kuber Badal."

SIXTY-NINE YEARS OF SOLITUDE

Gabriel García Márjiz


In every
single book.



Even the flatware.

Even the tines on every fork.

And I know this was, at its core, an explosion of his grief and, quite frankly, mental illness.

I mean, obsessive-destructive disorder was exactly right.

So I don't mean to make light.

But at some point it occurred to me—

—I don't know why—

—and, again, sorry—

—that this kind of intensity and obsession over details that could just explode out of him—

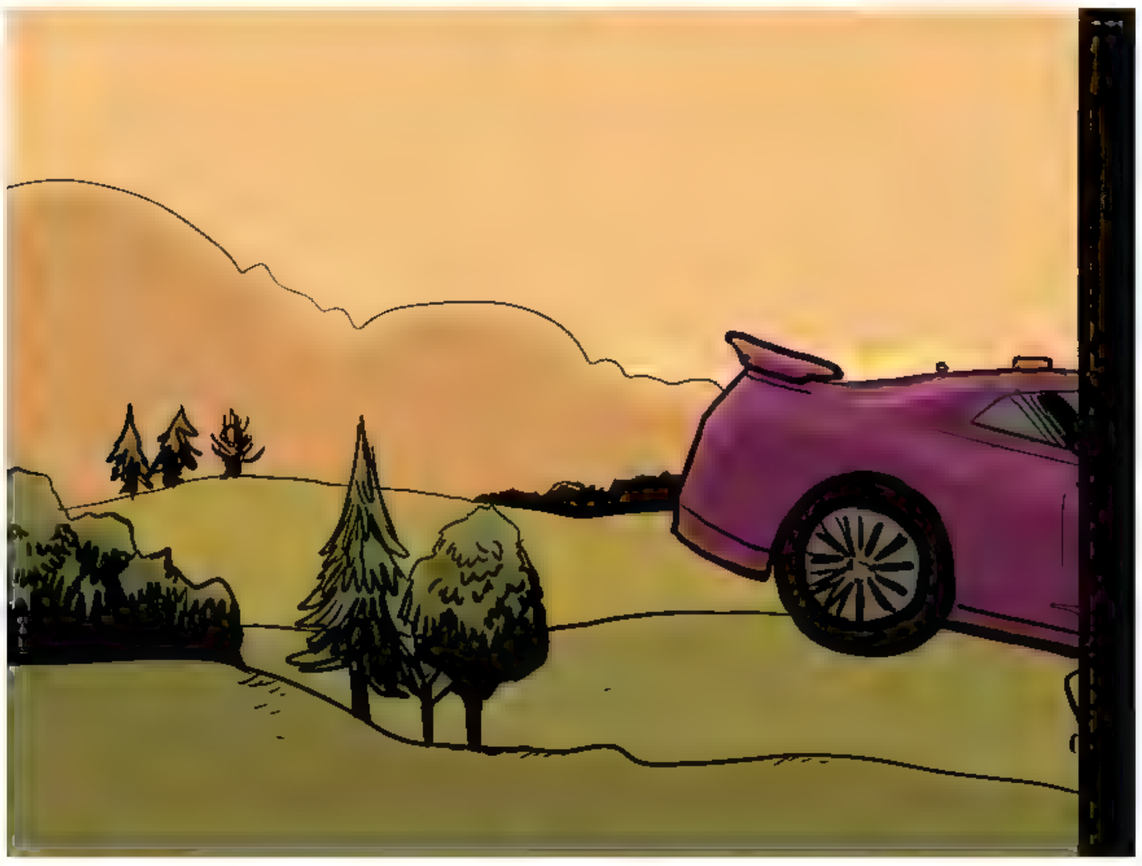
—is what made him good in bed.

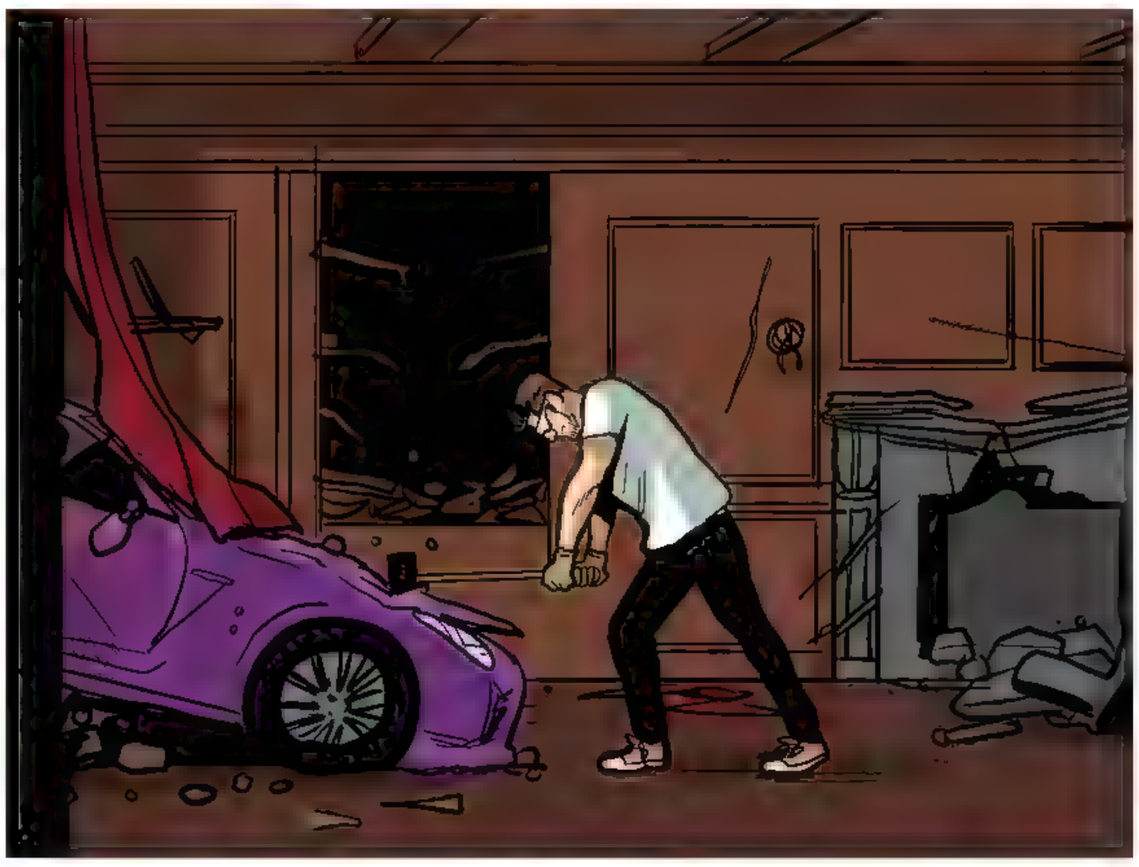
I mean, find someone who'll fuck up individual oyster forks for you, and you'll have someone who makes sure your shit's taken care of. Y'know?

But then I felt awful for thinking it.

Because, I mean, look at him.

He's in so much pain.





And he feels so much of it, and it feels so huge, the only way he can deal with it is to get it outside of his body.

Any way he can.

He told me once he feels like he doesn't have skin in all the same places normal people do.

Good things, bad things—

—he feels them all *too much*.

And I wanted badly to talk to him.

To tell him.

Everything's going to be okay.

Heff

Heff

Heff...

...Suze?

FREEZE!

Don't.

Move.

Oh hey.

Someone asked him what he was doing.

"I wanted to see how long it would take to break everything," he said.

Nobody had the heart to tell him just how much Kuber Badal's "everything" contained.

How many other people, places, and things his tendrils grew to touch.

Because of the sheer volume of destruction, Jon was sentenced to 90 days custody, and another nine months of house arrest.

They'd let him go home in a month, assuming he wasn't a problem, behavior-wise.

And that was that.

Remove all earrings, cock rings, ball rings, butt t forgot about, butt plugs you were hoping we wouldn't notice, Prince Alberts and Prince Williams.

Jon went to prison.

Minimum security, but still.

He said later it was never really scary after his first day, just lonely, gross, and sad.

"Like a community college you couldn't leave," he said.

One thing he did while inside was direct some of the inmates in a stage play.

As part of their art therapy program.

He loved every minute of it, and they loved him for it.

O that this too too solid flesh would melt...

Jon found *his thing.*

And it would change his life.

But I'm getting ahead of myself.

It wasn't until Jon—

Well.

fap fap fap

He couldn't see me until he found out the Quiet was gone.

Jon—

It's okay.

Don't freak out.

I had found him.

Finally.

And I could finally tell him—

I'm coming.

LETTER DADDIES

SEND YOUR THOUGHTS, SEXUAL QUESTIONS, AND DISTANT SOCIALIZATIONS TO *EMAILTHESEXCRIMINALS@GMAIL.COM*. YOUR TYPOS/SHAME ARE YOUR OWN AND WILL BE RUN AS RECEIVED. ALL ASSUMED OK TO PRINT UNLESS STATED OTHERWISE.

ONE TIME MY SON HAD TO MAKE A TIMELINE OF HIS LIFE for a school project. And unfortunately, a lot of his memories hang on nodal points of family loss and sadness we've gone through since he's been born. Relatives and pets getting sick and dying, basically, evenly notched black dots across the span of a line meant to represent his ten years of life. Then right by the end was a little space, about an inch between dots, that he'd highlighted. And an arrow led to text where he wrote, "PEACE," and then, right after that, another bead on the line indicated where another someone or something special in his young life had died.

And it broke my heart, as a parent, because I saw that was how my kid was measuring his days, but, at the same time, well -- sometimes it be like that, doe. He'd had as many birthdays as loved ones lost, as many cakes as funerals. How else should he have demarcated things?

I don't know how to write about this -- ANY of this -- that we're all living through right now. I don't even know when this issue will see print, let alone go on sale, let alone what the world will look like when it does. Somewhere something in me realizes that there's a little comfort in realizing that, really, *do you ever know those answers?* and the answer comes back, "*no.*"

There's exquisite discomfort in just how block-capped, bolded, and underlined the answer of NO comes back this time though, and pretending otherwise is... I dunno. False, disingenuous, fatuous, dumb.

Shit, as the Bard once wrote, is All Fucked Up and Shit.

Nobody knows anything, especially now, about tomorrow. We know a lot about now, just not about how now will turn into later. But it will, eventually; weather isn't climate, no matter how fucking stormy it is outside.

So until now becomes later, we all gotta stay safe, stay sane, and stay sheltered in place, hatches battened down and all that. Take no risks, check in with your friends, family and neighbors, and drink water. Act to benefit the weakest, the most endangered among us. And for fuck's sake, wash your hands.

You know,* says that same voice again, *just like always.

But this isn't just like always, you stupid voice, and there's nothing any of us can do about it (assuming none of us are, like, epidemiologists or ER doctors) other than staying safe and staying sane and all the rest.

So that's what I'm doing to varying degrees of success, one fucking awful scary stupid goddamn day at a time. Today was good. Today I got stuff done and kept my raccoon-worry brain occupied with the dangling keys of Shit I Gotta Do. Yesterday I was paralyzed and cold and my stomach hurt all day long and all I could manage to do was hold very still and listen.

For me staying sane means *keep moving* (when I can) and behave *as if* (even when I can't). Because otherwise I'll go crazy -- the bad crazy, the set-yourself-on-fire crazy. And we're not fucking there yet. So here I am pretending to want to make dick jokes in another LETTER DADDIES. And it's all fake. It's gonna be like squeezing blood from a stone. But it beats setting yourself on fire and running around a room with no doors and windows.

I know we're in a dot right now instead of a gap on our timeline, but I know it'll end eventually too. Until then we are all of us, now more than literally ever before, alone together. And for all the dick jokes and cum stories, that's the whole POINT of this goddamn thing, isn't it?

Also: I don't know about you, but if one more person says the word "hunker" to me, I am going to LOSE IT, Stephanie. LOSE. IT. Fuck is that, anyway? "Hunker." Fuck you.

•

I'm a recently divorced dude exploring sex with other women for the first time in 15 years. Here's the thing: I can't cum. Well, I can, but it takes a lot more work than it used to. Sometimes like all weekend. How normal is this? I mean, don't get me wrong, it has its benefits, but it's kinda fucked up in that this is a new development and that, if anything, I had the opposite problem before. It's only been four months since the marriage dissolved. Does this mean I'm still in love with my ex? Does this mean I never loved my ex? Is this something that can be fixed? Do I want to fix it?

- First Time Long Time in America

PS - The library where I work purchased the first two "Big Hard" volumes for our collection. Some folks (some of whom are my staff) have expressed concern over your books included in our collection, so thank you for providing me with an opportunity to discuss censorship and intellectual freedom with my patrons and colleagues.

Well la-dee-da, look at Mister Has-

SEX TIP *Sex in a gas mask? More like sex in an ass mask, girl. Back that thing on up over here.*

Erections-Whenever-He-Wants-Because-He-Didn't-Change-His-Meds-Just-His-Lifestyle over here. I'm just kidding. I don't know about your meds.

(LONGTIME SEX CRIMINALS READERS WILL REMEMBER LAST LETTER DADDIES WHERE I WENT THROUGH A WHOLE THING RE: MY DON'T-GO-CRAZY PILLS AND BONERS. Short-time SEX CRIMINALS readers sure picked a weird goddamn place to get started but Hi I guess.)

And I don't know what to tell you, other than the most basic, the most solid, and the most all-purpose advice I know to give when someone's in crisis -- find a doctor, medical or mental-health, and talk to them about it.

DO you still love your ex? DOES it mean you never loved your ex? Not to armchair-psychologist all over your face and chest but, like, that THOSE were the two ferinstances you went to right off the bat makes me wonder if there's something somewhere that's still processing the dissolution of your marriage to affect you like this.

(Weirdly enough – I literally just read about a similar-sounding condition. In Otto Friedrich's CITY OF NETS [my first shelter-in-place book] there's a story about Howard Hughes, who suffered from "ejaculatory impotence." This resulted in a circumstance similar to what you describe, but I offer that with two caveats: first, CITY OF NETS is not written by a doctor and has a certain outdated idiom of its time (1986) that relies on another source for this information in the first place (Charles Higham's BETTE (1982)), and, second, unless you, like Howard Hughes, were recorded in secret by Bette Davis' husband at the time who burst in on you and Bette Davis and tried fighting you only to blackmail you for $70,000, then it's maybe not wholly relevant to you. But I literally just read about this.)

Find a doctor. Let them help you.

Also: I tweaked a couple details in your post-script because of your OTHER post-script, but included it because I wanted to say thank you for fighting the good fight on our behalf. Thank you.

•

I saw this online and am hoping you can explain it, as it is mostly likely a sex crime. Thanks in advance for your time.

Ashley G.

19. Foot Powered Bike

SEX TIP *Maybe—now hear me out—maybe you goddamn millennials can stop eating ass, just a little bit until this whole unpleasantness is over? Hm?*

Good looking out, Ashley – but this is NOT in fact sexy crime so much as a healthy physical display of the love people may feel, all at once, for planking, being punched in the stomach, and living with the constant danger of a spinning tire destroying their taints. Who are we to judge? As long as both the person and the bike are of age and give their joyous and enthusiastic consent, I say they should get out there and destroy some taint.

•

I thought Matt sounded super sad in the letter column for Sex Crims #26!!! It made me feel super sorry! So I thought I might cheer you up by writing to you! If I make orthography mistakes or mangle the language of Shakespeare, my pretext is that I am not a native English speaker - it seems to work, or people are polite not to tell me :)

(...)I have no porn in the woods stories, I am afraid! When I was a teen, a Playboy or Penthouse - edition in Spanish - was too precious to throw away! The editions in English were true treasures, available only via the black market at exorbitant prices! Also, there were no woods to hide them in! They were ravaged by urban development and volcanic eruptions!

However, we had an *excellent* resource for nudity in the government cultural channel: they would show uncut films, as long as they had artistic merit. That is how I saw "I am curious (Yellow)", many Italian erotic comedies and I think even "Emmanuelle" - though I might have dreamt that last one. The right wing moralists had a fit when the channel would show films by Pasolini or the like, but at the time the government had those pervert killjoys under control...

Anyway, the first true porn film I saw was quite strange. A friend of mine suspected - rightly - that his father had a porn video collection. These were Betamax cassettes with labels that read "Broken, do not watch" and "Broken, do NOT erase!!" (emphases his). One day, us, a group of horny teenager boys, decided to see one of those "broken" tapes. It was a weird porn film in fake black and white, where Dracula and Igor tied a Marilyn Monroe lookalike in an experiment table and had sex with her...

I might get the details wrong since I have never seen it again - but Igor's nose worked like a penis. Yes, that is why I have not searched for it again! Ugh! Maybe not the best porn film to start with.... the next one was "Deep Throat" with Spanish subtitles (what for?) so the father of my friend liked the classics... I can not tell you the rest of titles of the "broken" tape collection, since we got caught.... Even worse, the father got caught by his wife... OH well!!!

Besitos!!!!
Valentina

I'm not sad! That's just how I sound. Uh. All the time.

Was EMMANUELLE the one that Adam West was in somehow? Or was that a LADY CHATTERLEY something? I remember seeing one of those on a cable channel late one Friday and being amazed Adam West was in it. Shit, now I have to go to IMDB.

Well! At first I thought it was THE HAPPY HOOKER GOES TO WASHINGTON (I remember sneaking furtive glances at the VHS box of that one) but as I kept reading I found Adam West was ALSO in YOUNG LADY CHATTERLEY II:

Cynthia, new lady of Chatterly (sic), feels neglected by her husband. During his absences she tries to amuse herself with gardener Thomas, but always gets interrupted by new visitors. While she's busy her staff amuses itself. One of her guests is a professor who wants to do research in her land-seat. He's quite repressed, but she knows how to lighten him up.

WELL! That was a few moments of my life I'm not getting back, but at least I have that user-written summary of a sorta-almost softcore Batman was in one time. Hey fuck it while we're at it, let's get a refresher on what THE HAPPY HOOKER GOES TO WASHINGTON was about:

Having emigrated to New York and immediately got the kiss-off from her mother-besotted fiance, a Dutch lass takes a well-paid office job and starts liberally sampling the local male talent. After a while she decides to make her pleasure her business too, and as her reputation grows she graduates to a high-class bordello. Soon she realises she has the right talents to make a real success of a place of her own.

And friends, could you tell that too was written by an IMDB user? It was! What a world, what a world. I'm now going to write a summary of YOUR first-watched porn movie, Valentina, in the style of an IMDB user eager to help:

A famous blonde bombshell finds that certain "gentlemen prefer blondes" when Dr. Frankenstein and Igor abduct her, hoping to

SEX TIP *Social distancing can make intimacy difficult for people with penises less than 6 feet long.*

---

scratch their "seven year itch." These "misfits" know that "some like it hot" and "don't bother to knock" when Igor's nose says "lets make love" and uh they bang Marilyn Monroe right in the "monkey business"? Perfect for dads!

NAILED IT.

•

I enjoy Sex Criminals, but it has made me obsess a little about the simultaneity of climaxes in my intimate times with my lady-wife. It seems like Suzie and Jon are pretty adept at it, and the story wouldn't work if they weren't, but for us it's pretty rare. I came up with a point system for each encounter: +2 for simultaneous, +1 for within a minute, 0 if my wife climaxes well before me, -2 if I finish but she does not, -1,000,000 if she finishes but I do not (because that has not and never will occur).

I'm aiming for positive score for each month. Do you use a similar system? Could I patent this?

Best,
Matt C.

Totally, Matt. Nothing says "let's have orgasms at the same time, Honey" better than turning sex into Magic: The Fucking Gathering, this is gonna work out GREAT.

My point system is very simple. If I cum I get one million cumbucks. If they cum, who cares? I'm already fast asleep. If we simultaneously cum then I've been jerking off in front of a mirror again (250,000 cumbucks). -CZ

•

Since you two keep asking me... no, I did not win the panties that the porn magazine was giving away for their contest. This was the submission that I sent them:

"I was recently notified that I have been handed the task of saving the universe, yet again. Preparing for this mission, I realized that I actually do need Avi's panties in order to complete this assignment. Upon arrival of the undies, the first thing I'll have to do is shove them into my galaxy pocket. Chanting an incantation I learned from a tribal priest within the core of the planet Venus, I shall teleport into my space vessel hovering around our Earth's moon.

Using my teeth to delicately place the panties into the JIZZ-9000 Replicator, I will create an army of Avi's undergarments to help me in the upcoming battle. To preserve the entirety of life within our limited grasp of understanding, I shall ride into the war for all of us with the rushing energy of an endless formation of panties by my side."

For some reason, they thought that wasn't as important compared to just jacking off with them.

Darrick P.

P.S. Any chance you guys are going to do a panty giveaway?

I have no fucking idea what you're talking about and have zero recollection of this. Just more proof of the dissociative state writing LETTER DADDIES puts me in. Which it does usually. Every month I open up the mailbag and start to believe that, oh god, this is gonna be the month the wheels come off and I've blown it all. But no, it's always very sweet and invigorating and good for my soul, then I forget all that for the next time and get the panic-sweats again, etc. etc.

But, uh, it's probably good you didn't win?

And we're probably not going to do a panty giveaway, but as we are, oh shit, two issues away from the end it's probably about time we started thinking about what kind of big finish we're gonna do. But "fabricate and give away panties" is not gonna be one of them. Oh wait, I think I have a pair of the Bombsheller BRIMPER leggings. I could take a pair of scissors to those and make a jaunty, boy-cut short. Tell you what, Darrick, send in your mailing address and I'll make you and ONLY you the ONLY pair of SEX CRIMINALS panties in existence and mail them to you.

Congrats! You have accomplished your dreams of winning underpants from a magazine!

I very much disagree with this level of encouragement, chum. -CZ

•

Is it weird that I can pinpoint my sexual awakening with some level of frightening accuracy? I was 7, maybe 8, years old, being babysat by my brother and sister, and was hiding behind our living room couch when I should have been sleeping. That's when I saw the sexbot scene in Austin Powers: International Man of Mystery (cable debut on TBS). My loins tingled in an unfamiliar way, and the next morning, my mom caught me touching myself while Barney happened to be on the tiny TV in our computer room (god,

SEX TIP *When this is all over, I wanna just let a bunch of strangers cough all over my fuckin' face.*

---

remember the 90s?). To this day, I still have the occasional Austin Powers sex dream, and they are very weird (to say the least).

A month later, I caught my parents watching Rocky Horror Picture Show in much the same way. Do you think these movies fucked up my relationship with sex? Probably.

Anyway, I want to thank you for the quiet, intimate moments of exploring female sexuality. I relate a lot to Suzy. In addition to The Austin Awakening (which sounds much more posh than the reality of it), I also read Lolita at a very young age, and that probably fucked me up, too. It's important to see female sexuality (and asexuality!!) being presented and celebrated in pop media, and I appreciate your team putting in effort to represent something beyond straight cis het male.

I also want more pix of Chip in the Garfield costume pls.

Much love, even when I hate Mondays,
Ellie

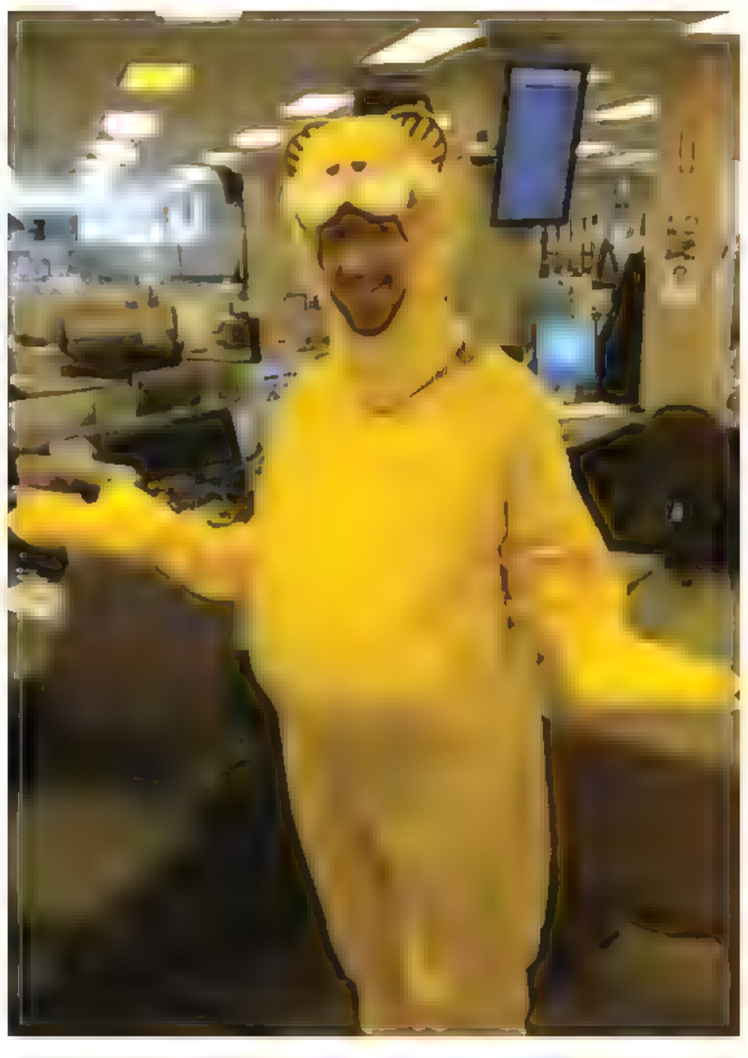
I have questions, Ellie, I'm not going to lie but, at the same time, I know that 1) there's a time to ask questions and a time to just listen and 2) this is really a one-way broadcast medium and if I asked you a question, who knows if or when you'd ever answer, let alone see it? Because what if last month was the month where we finally tested your patience with us too far and you bailed? Because as per above this is what I believe will happen every month.

I have an extraordinarily vivid memory of being over at my uncle's house (he had Atari) and when he turned the TV on (so we could play Atari) there was the bath-of-blood scene from Walerian Borowczyk's IMMORAL TALES, which I watched with eyes wide and pants a'tightening. Then when it was over my Uncle remembered I was in the room with him and quickly turned the Atari on and we pretended MISSILE COMMAND was just as cool as watching Elisabeth Bathory bathe in a blood shower. Oh wait let me try explaining that movie in IMDB user summary-speak:

An anthology film of four erotic tales of horror with a centerpiece show-stopping, boner-exploding, bathing-in-blood-and-tended-to-by-tender-maidens Elisabeth Bathory sequence that's guaranteed to embarrass you in front of your uncle and make MISSILE COMMAND a skill you only WISH you had if you get my meaning. Four uncommanded missiles out of four, definitely would spank to (were I at the time spank-capable).

I don't know if I imprinted on it or not, but I get a hard-on every time I accidentally cut myself, so.

And here's a picture of the



first time I wore my Garfield costume, which was sent to me anonymously at the newspaper I worked for. Moments after I put it on, some dignitaries walked through the newsroom and I think about that moment almost every day (it gets me hard). -CZ

•

(L)ast month my girlfriend and I celebrated our first anniversary and this is the first comic I made her read, so Luciana, happy late anniversary.

I wanted to know what happened with the Sex Criminals TV series. Is going to happen?

- Fernando

Yeah, me too Fernando, great fuckin' question.

They were having too many issues with how to translate this letters page to the screen. -CZ

•

Feels weird to think this is the first time I write to you, since Sex Criminals has meant the world to me for the longest time. Both the comic and the letters section have helped me through really bad times, and since it's hard to get single issues in Spain I've been doing the Chip double-dip (hoping he appreciates this) for years and buying them digitally for the latter, then getting the trades at my usual comic shop to physically keep the former.

It was the first of your trades that led me to the most important relationship I've ever had. We'd just recently befriended each other, in an incredibly weird context, when her birthday came up and I decided

SEX TIP *N95-rated particulate filtration masks with HEPA-grade filters are no substitute for OPENNESS and COMMUNICATION.*

---

to gift her One Weird Trick. Weeks later, we were dating. This lasted for a long time even though we knew we had an expiration date - she was set on leaving, both for work and because she'd always wanted to, and I didn't wanna get in the way of that. As the date got closer and closer things got harder, my mental illness retreated to its former Bad Times self, and I decided on breaking things up a few months before she left, telling myself that otherwise things would get so bad we wouldn't even be able to stay friends. We tried to work it out, but I just kept going back into that mindset.

I guess it feels strange asking you this, since I've never even met you (okay, I met Matt for a few seconds at a con, but still), but this letters section has always felt like a bit of a safe space to me, so: how do you move on in a case like this? It's relatively easy to do when things get bad, but how about when, while there were difficulties, you never really got the sense it was over?

Also I probably bummed all your readers out, so on a lighter note I wanna get this out there: Chip's liked every single untagged mention of him I've made on Twitter. Does he speak Spanish? Does he search for his own name there? Both?

Thanks,
A.

It feels weird to us, too, seeing as how we've done like twenty-eight of these goddamn letter columns just WAITING for you to write in. We were starting to wonder what we were doing wrong. I mean how much glitter must we apply to our décolletage to catch your fuckin' fancy, jeez.

Uhhhhhh let's see, what to do with the ol' "you can't break up with me because only I break up with me because we can hurt ourselves NOW instead of later" routine. I think everybody's done it in some form or fashion at some time or the other. And on the surface it seems to make sense, or so our stupid gravy brains tell us. Fuck it up NOW and get hurt NOW so you don't have to worry about fucking it up and hurting in the future! As if love or joy, and the pain we feel when we lose it, gains strength the longer it grows in any way that's demonstrably recognizable, as though we can tell that something hurts six months less than it WOULD have, had it gone on another six months.

It's insane-sounding when I put it like that, right? "Hey, stop eating this dessert now because you're going to be exactly 1/3 of a sundae sadder there's no more sundae to eat when it's gone" is a sentence that barely parses, let alone makes sense. But it's the kind of shit we do to ourselves because the idea of facing pain any greater than what we can imagine is worse than the pain itself. It's self-destructive, and actually destructive and... and yeah, now you're left knowing not only could it have been better longer, but that you're the one to blame, and there's no sense of finality to it, and on and on the spiral goes.

At least that's how my brain works.

You want to know how to move on? If it's present-me, going back in time to younger dumber me that did shit like this? Apologize. Reach out -- unless you think the act of reaching out would in and of itself be more harmful -- and write it all out. What happened and why, and more importantly how wasteful that behavior is and was.

And doesn't it all feel so much bigger now, especially now, when life seems so precious, and fragile, and short? How lucky are any of us to feel anything close to what you felt? It is the only thing that matters in the whole entire world. The only closer I think suckers like us will ever find might come from finding it again, and never letting it go.

Alternately you could take a bath in the blood of six virgins, that'll shake you up good.

Also Chip is 100% fluent in Español, you're right! Chip, why don't you take a minute and tell all your Spanish-speaking friends and fans just how much they mean to you in your native tongue?

¡Hola! ¿Donde está la biblioteca? Estoy asustado. Mi nombre es Chip y estoy cachonda por la biblioteca. -CZ

•

I've had two letters printed in "Sex Criminals" before--I'm the "Chip-Zdarsky-helped-me-lose-my-virginity-but-then-I-realized-I'm-asexual" guy--and I wanted to try for a third one before the series ends because I like the whole "trilogy" concept, and because this is the best letters page in comics. After the main series ends, if you were to keep publishing issues that were just 30-page letters columns, I swear to god people would still buy it. (While I'm pitching stupid ideas, just hear me out: a reboot of "Trouble" over at Marvel done by you and Chip. It could be huge.)

Um. Anyway. I've been reading

***SEX TIPS** were funnier on like day four of quarantine before this issue got held up in the shut down. Not so much in week eleventeen.*

"The Order," that series you did for Marvel about a superhero going through rehab and attending AA meetings, and it made me wonder if you've ever been through a 12-step program yourself. Because I have been through a similar program, and you wrote about the process like someone who has personally experienced it. Or at least, your depiction of it felt more accurate and authentic than any depiction of it I've seen elsewhere in the media, at least according to my own experience in the program. So even if I'm wrong, and you haven't been in the program... holy crap, you did your homework.

Anyway. Um. I just felt like you should know how much of a positive impact your work has on people. Even the B-plot of a single issue of a relatively obscure Marvel book you did 13 years ago has had ripple effects into the present. It was really, really nice seeing my experiences reflected back to me in a way they never had been before.

Thank you.

-Brendan M

I will reboot TROUBLE with Chip only if he agrees to write it and let me draw, ink, color, and letter it. I think my work speaks for itself.

And you called it, Brendan: I've been clean and sober for 4,834 days as I type this. I got clean on my own -- white-knuckling, as they call it -- but needed AA to help me learn what being sober actually meant. There are a lot of recovery programs and options out there and not every program will work for every person, but AA worked for me.

At some point, I realized that having a microphone meant I was willing to forgo that second A and "out" myself as it were. As it's a program of attraction rather than promotion, if someone wanting what I have in life was enough to get them to investigate recovery -- in any of its forms -- then it was worth giving that second A up.

Also, it drove me crazy that 12-Step meetings in media were always so alien to what I knew and experienced there, I wanted to at least provide a portrayal I knew as accurate.

If you're reading this and having a hard time with THE END OF FUCKING EVERYTHING as it feels like we're living through, and want help, aa.org is a fine place to start. All the resources and community you could need -- connected with AA or any other program of recovery -- are waiting for you out there.

SEX TIP *Chip's fetish is "not washing his hands," so please keep him in your thoughts during these difficult times.*

And I promise you, it gets better.

Chum, we've both already written books for the artists of the original TROUBLE. It is insane to me that we WOULDN'T do this. -CZ

•

I wanted to express my joy at how deeply relatable the themes of trauma and areas of concern within mental health have always been in the Sex Criminals series so far. Wow, what a weird way to put that; big joy about how accurately you write about the big sad? Really, me? Anyways, as a graduate student in a clinical psychology program, it's always a satisfying and hopeful feeling whenever modern media written by people outside of the fields of clinical psychology and/or counseling manages to depict these issues in a way that captures the more human, real-world aspects of struggling with things like depression and anxiety (and maybe some more antisocial things?), as well as the challenges that can come up when finding a therapist and balancing a relationship in the complex, gooey mix that is our humanity. I really really can't thank you both enough for taking the time and effort to be thoughtful about your illustrations of these things, because stories like yours make a huge difference to...well, honestly to anyone who reads them. Which I hope is many, many people. I'm so grateful for your comics and I can't wait to witness the end. Or rather, I wish I didn't have to but I absolutely will. I wouldn't dream of missing it.

Chip specifically, your newsletters/tweets/emails are the stuff of legends. Don't ever, ever, EVER change. Ever. Okay? Thanks.

Aaron M.

So here's a gift of stationing-in-place: my therapy has moved to a Facetime-y like video conference thing. After all those years of, like, lying down and NOT seeing my therapist's face as I drone on and on, now I can look any time I want AND IT'S WEIRD AND I CAN BARELY MAKE MYSELF LOOK and it's weird.

We were talking today -- literally, I stopped doing this LETTER DADDIES to hop over into a session -- about this... hm. About things like this. And at some point I realized, or realized again, or reiterated, or maybe just iterated for the first time, I don't know, what are you, a cop?, anyway, what I said was, I think the whole reason I write or have made any kind of art, ever, was so that I could find ways to let myself feel all the stuff I don't otherwise allow, or try to stop, or refuse to let myself feel. Because once you start with the difficult feelings, where do you stop, right? And all of it happens because I really and truly do write this in some weird kind of bubble. On some level I don't believe ANYONE reads this, or rather, I can't let myself believe anyone reads this because then I wouldn't be able to write it all down.

I think I mean all that -- I don't know if it makes sense or not, and I'm not gonna go back and try to clarify for fear of just deleting the whole thing -- by way of apologizing. Or... or trying to demur or something. The act of running letters that praise us is fundamentally weird on some level, and I don't want to run it with the implication that we, like, set out to do what we've done and nailed it. None of this was supposed to happen. Those connections the book has made with people, and between people, and from people to us are so profound and meaningful and important to me I couldn't have made them were I to have tried. The act of writing this book has put me in touch with more stuff I'd spent decades trying to ignore than I thought possible; the act of going into that kind-of dissociative state I have to be in when I write lets me do and say and express shit I know I could never talk about or let out otherwise. And... and it's amazing that it's reaching people, but I feel, literally every day, that it's me that should be thanking all of YOU, for allowing it all to happen.

Also, one day in session, my therapist said, "I don't know why you assume I haven't read your stuff," and so now I'm wondering if she waits for trade or is a, y'know, day-and-date Wednesday shopper. Guess we'll see.

NEXT TIME!
HOLY SHIT WE'RE ALMOST DONE!

FOR MATURE READERS ONLY

RATED **M** / MATURE

CAN YOU IMAGINE BUYING A BOOK CALLED "SEX CRIMINALS" AND THINKING IT WAS ALL-AGES LOL

ZONE